



# Loues Labour's lost.

*Actus primus.*

Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longanill, and Dumaine.

*Ferdinand.*

Et Fame, that all hunt after in their liues,  
Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes,  
And then grace vs in the disgrace of death:  
when spight of cormorant deuouring Time,  
Th'endeuour of this present breath may buy:  
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,  
And make vs hayres of all eternitie.

Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,  
That warre against your owne affectiōs,  
And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,  
Nauar shall be the wonder of the world.  
Our Court shall be a little Achademe,  
Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.  
You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longanill,  
Haue sworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:  
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those itautes  
That are recorded in this seedule heere.  
Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:  
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,  
That violates the smallest branch heerein:  
If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,  
Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

*Longanill.* I am resolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:  
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,  
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dainty bits,  
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

*Dumaine.* My louing Lord, Dumaine is mortified,  
The grosser manner of these worlds delights,  
He throwes vpon the grosse worlds baser slaues:  
To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,  
With all these liuing in Philosophie.

*Berowne.* I can but say their protestation ouer,  
So much, deare Liege, I haue already sworne,  
That is, to liue and study heere three yeeres.  
But there are other strict obseruances:  
As not to see a woman in that terme,  
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.  
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:  
And but one meale on euery day beside:  
The which I hope is not enrolled there.  
And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,  
And not be seene to winke of all the day,  
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,  
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,  
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.

*Ferd.* Your oath is past, to passe away from these.  
*Berow.* Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,  
I onely swore to study with your grace,  
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

*Longa.* You swore to that Berowne, and to the rest.  
*Berow.* By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.

What is the end of study, let me know?

*Fer.* Why that to know which else wee should not know.

*Ber.* Things hid & bard (you meane) frō cōmon sense.

*Ferd.* I, that is studies god-like recompence.

*Berow.* Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As thus, to study where I well may dine,

When I to fast expressly am forbid.

Or studie where to meet some Mistresse fine,

When Mistresses from common sense are hid.

Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oath,

Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.

If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,

Studie knows that which yet it doth not know,

Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no.

*Ferd.* These be the stops that hinder studie quite,

And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

*Ber.* Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine

Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,

As painefull to poare vpon a Booke,

To lecke the light of truth, while truth the while

Doth fallfely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:

Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So ere you finde where light in darkenesse lies,

Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.

Studie me how to please the eye indeede,

By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,

Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And giue him light that it was blinded by.

Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,

That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes:

Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,

Saue base authoritie from others Bookes.

These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,

That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,

Haue no more profit of their shining nights,

Then those that walke and wor not what they are.

Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:

And euery Godfather can giue a name.

*Fer.* How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

*Dum.*

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*Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.  
*Lon.* Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the  
weeding.  
*Ber.* The Spring is neare when greene geesse are a  
breeding.

*Dum.* How followes that?

*Ber.* Fit in his place and time.

*Dum.* In reason nothing.

*Ber.* Something then in rime.

*Ferd.* Berowne is like an enuious sneaping Frost,

That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.

*Ber.* Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,

Before the Birds haue any cause to sing?

Why should I ioy in any aborting birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,

Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled shoues:

But like of each thing that in season growes.

So you to studie now it is too late,

That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate.

*Fer.* Well, fit you out: go home Berowne: adue.

*Ber.* No my good Lord, I haue sworne to stay with you.

And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more,

Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,

And bide the pennance of each three yeeres day.

Giue me the paper, let me reade the same,

And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.

*Fer.* How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.

*Ber.* Item, That no woman shall come within a mile

of my Court.

Hath this bin proclaimed?

*Lon.* Foure dayes agoe.

*Ber.* Let's see the penaltie.

On paine of losing her tongue.

Who deuise'd this penaltie?

*Lon.* Marty that did I.

*Ber.* Sweete Lord, and why?

*Lon.* To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,

A dangerous law against gentilitie.

*Item.* If any man be seene to talke with a woman with-

in the tearme of three yeeres, hee shall indure such

publique shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly

deuise.

*Ber.* This Article my Liedge your selfe must breake,

For well you know here comes in Embassie

The French Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:

A Maide of grace and compleate maifestie,

About surrender vp of Aquitaine:

To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father.

Therefore this Article is made in vaine,

Or vaine comes th'admired Princeesse hither.

*Fer.* What say you Lords?

Why, this was quite forgot.

*Ber.* So Studie euermore is ouershot,

While it doth study to haue what it would,

It doth forget to doe the thing it should:

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.

*Fer.* We must of force dispence with this Decree,

She must lye here on meere necessitie.

*Ber.* Necessity will make vs all forsworne

Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:

For euery man with his affectis borne,

Not by might mastered, but by speciall grace.

If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,

I am forsworne on meere necessitie.

So to the Lawes at large I w

And he that breakes them in

Stands in attainer of eterna

Suggestions are to others as

But I beleue although I see

I am the last that will last kee

But is there no quicke recrea

*Fer.* I that there is, our C

With a refined trauailer of S

A man in all the worlds new

That hath a mint of phrases i

One, who the musicke of his

Doth rauish like inchanting

A man of complements who

Haue chose as vmpire of thei

This childe of fancie that An

For interim to our studies sh

In high-borne words the we

From tawnie Spaine lost in th

How you delight my Lords,

But I protest I loue to heare!

And I will vse him for my M

*Berow.* Armado is a most il

A man of fire, new words, fast

*Lon.* Costard the swaine ar

And so to studie, three yeeres

Enter a Constable with C

*Const.* Which is the Duk

*Ber.* This fellow, What w

*Con.* I my selfe reprehend

his graces Tharborough: But

in flesh and blood.

*Ber.* This is he.

*Con.* Signeior Arme, Ar

Ther's villanie abroad, this le

*Clo.* Sir the Contempt

mee.

*Fer.* A letter from the ma

*Ber.* How low soeuer the

high words.

*Lon.* A high hope for a lo

tiencie.

*Ber.* To heare, or forbear

*Lon.* To heare meekly fir

or to forbear both.

*Ber.* Well sir, be it as the

clime in the merrinesse.

*Clo.* The matter is to me fir

The manner of it is, I was take

*Ber.* In what manner?

*Clo.* In manner and forme fo

I was seene with her in the M

her vpon the Forme, and tak

Parke: which put to gethe

following. Now sir for the

of a man to speake to a won

forme.

*Ber.* For the following fir

*Clo.* As it shall follow in

send the right.

*Fer.* Will you heare this I

*Ber.* As we would heare a

*Clo.* Such is the simplicitie

flesh.

L 2